

The Janesville Daily Gazette

New Building, 200-204 East Milwaukee St.
Entered at the Postoffice at Janesville, Wisconsin, as Second-class Mail Matter.

Full Licensed Wire Service of Associated Press.

MEMBER OF ASSOCIATED PRESS.

BUSINESS OFFICE OPEN SATURDAY EVENING.

OUR SATURDAY NIGHT

Another "Lay Sermon" by Howard W. Tilton is reproduced today and indicates the human sympathy which filled the man and which gave him power to write interesting articles.

WATCHING THE WRINKLES.

"Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt,
And every grin, so merry, draws one out."

"Look out, grandpa."

Don't you remember how mad you were when the motor-man thus cautioned you as you jumped off the car? It was the first time that from the lips of a stranger came the verdict that the world had begun to look upon you as an old man. You knew your hair was getting gray, but then in these days young men have gray hair. You knew your shoulders were more stooped than they used to be, but then that was due to your bending over the desk, and not to old age. You felt that your limbs were not so supple as when a boy, and you found yourself wheezing when you ran to catch the car, but then you were not used to exercise. Old? No, no! Just in the prime of life, and the idea of that motor-man calling out—

"Look out, grandpa."

Then the first thing you did after getting into the house was to take a glance at the glass in the hat-rack to see if you really were getting so old as to make folks think you must be a grandpa. Yes, there were some wrinkles and the cheeks were not quite so plump, and that moustache had changed from a brownish curl to a grizzled bristling. As you turned with a frown into the living room an angel met you, and you looked into another mirror—a face of beautiful young womanhood, a brighter, purer mirror than that in the hat-rack, and the vision of the years of tender care and responsive love passed before your eyes and you caught the truth that you were getting old enough to be a grandpa, anyway. You paid the willing toll of a greeting kiss at this tall gateway of love, and passed on your way into the sitting room, and there sat a demure little woman, whose welcoming glance came through a pair of glasses, and memory held up another mirror in which you saw those brown eyes dancing with the girlish glee of the years gone by when she met you at the door all ready for the moonlight buggy ride, on the evening when love first found language, although it stammered badly. That was long ago, and as you bent to smooth her gray hair with a touch of love and the wrinkles of care lightened with the impress of the home-coming kiss, you again saw in the mirror of the matron, that as she was growing old, so were you.

But what matters it?

The warning of the motor-man, the glance in the hat-rack, the presence of a young lady daughter, the reminding form of your ageing companion, the grizzled moustache, the gray hair, the bowed shoulders the faltering step, all these reminders of the fleet flight of the years, do not make you old, but—

"Look out, grandpa."

There's another mirror, truer than that in the hat-rack, clearer than the smiling face of maidenhood, more faithful than the reminding presence of the mature matron, and as you seat yourself in your library chair, and try to interest yourself in the headlines of the evening paper, you find it falling listlessly on your knee while you glance into the mirror of inner consciousness, and look into your own heart to see if you are really growing old.

Are there wrinkles on the heart? If not, you are still young, even if your hair is like snow, and your limbs like the shaking aspen.

Don't look at your face to see if age is creeping on. Watch the heart, and beware of allowing care to make crow's feet there.

Does the rollicking boy cause you to snap out a petulant reproach? Are the children making too much noise in the nursery? Is there no longer music in laughter? "There, there, run along; don't bother papa." Is the sound of your footfall in the doorway the signal for a sepulchral hush in the home? Can you no longer see any fun in a picnic? Does Christmas bring worry and Fourth of July a headache? Are you fretted when the dimpled hand pulls your paper aside and the prattling invitation comes so urgently, "Oh, do come, papa, and see what a nice tea party we are having?" Can you no longer listen to the lisping of childhood's confidence and the narration of the petty trials and joys of the playground? Then you are graying old, though your hair be brown, your form erect, and your vigor that of boyhood.

"Look out, grandpa."

There are stumblings worse than falling from the platform of a street car. There are limpings worse than those of the faltering foot. There are aches and pains worse than those of rheumatism. It matters little how time may tarnish the casket, or use may wear its hinges, so long as the jewel within keeps its brilliancy.

Oliver Wendell Holmes summed up the philosophy of life when, instead of saying, "I'm seventy years young today." Every birthday should see a man's heart younger. The only way to keep from growing old is to keep growing young. The only time to begin growing young is before one begins to grow old.

"Look out grandpa."

ON THE SPUR of the MOMENT

ROY K. MOUTON

GAMBLERS ALL.
A worthy pastor told his congregation last Sunday night that gambling was a sin. Nevertheless, regardless of our good intentions, we are gamblers all. The only man who doesn't take a chance is the one who is occupying his six feet and has a large stone on his chest.
If you travel to the sea you may hit an iceberg.
If you travel on land your boat may be wrecked.
If you stay at home anything is liable to happen to you.
A motorcycle is likely to toss you blithely into the middle of the following week.
The gas stove may blow up.
Somebody may shoot through your window by accident.
The house may catch fire.
Somebody may come along and sell you a genuine imitation Persian rug.
Somebody may send you a collect telegram.
Yes, we are gamblers all. In the words of Prof. Brander Matthews, "But, parson, where do you get that stuff?"
The whole scheme of existence is a gamble.
Keep an ace in the shoe.

Count Bentwick of Holland may well say, "I can take care of my enemies, but may heaven protect me from my friends."

We sometimes wish Justice would grab that bandage off her eyes and take a look.

We'll bet that Mr. Moldakowski, who has just introduced a new dog in New York, is also some milker. So, boss!

Gents, doesn't this "ad" in a Wichita paper remind you of somebody?
"Mama, Nutsley Converse On All Subjects, 515 East Douglas St."

PEACE CONFERENCE NOTES.
Apartment house landlords have agreed tacitly to allow tenants the freedom of the freeze.

Wireless clothes lines will be allowed on all roofs—after the peace treaty is signed.

School teachers do not guarantee geography until the spring semester, but will offer something just as good—arithmetic or grammar.

The use of war gas shall be forbidden in all sections of the world except subways.

Baseball umpires who try to impose their will upon the world shall be sent over to visit Count Benito.

Universal training shall be adopted for those who are obliged to storm the department store trenches just before Christmas.

The cost of living in Washington is never going high enough to cause any congressman to resign his job.

MAKE MONEY NOW
There is money in rags—bring the old dresses and other cotton goods for selling rags to the Gazette and get 4c lb.

Jefferson went into the war of 1812—1815 a free-trader, and came out of it a protectionist.

WISCONSIN'S HONOR ROLL

Casualties reported today are: Killed in action 80; died of wounds 39; died of accident and other causes 20; died of disease 10; died of disease 10; wounded 79; wounded severely 32; wounded slightly 47; missing in action 178; total 520.

Wisconsin soldiers named are:
DIED OF WOUNDS
Priv. Wm. T. Brader, Marquette.
Priv. Wm. T. Brader, Marquette.
WOUNDED SEVERELY
Priv. F. A. Monnich, Mayville.
Priv. Wm. Haggren, Superior.
Priv. Wm. Neuhuber, Janesville.
Priv. Arthur Schoneck, Kenosha.
Priv. Otto Schultz, Milwaukee.
Priv. John J. Clishe, Chicago.
Priv. Richard Foxgarty, Wausau.
Priv. W. J. Guimond, Oshkosh.

JANESVILLE.
Priv. Arthur McGinnis, Rice Lake.
Priv. Joe Schullis, Milwaukee.
Priv. R. R. Balm, West De Pere.
WOUNDED (Degree Undetermined)
Corp. Leslie Nelver, Oconto Falls.
Priv. John Fernandez, Milwaukee.
MISSING IN ACTION
SERGEANT JOHN ELLYN, JANESVILLE.
Priv. Wm. A. Freiberg, Merrill.
Priv. Alvah G. Elliott, Muskegon.
Priv. Joe Stuskey, Fond du Lac.
Priv. H. T. Syring, Superior.
Priv. Benj. Lavinsky, Milwaukee.
The casualty list is posted every morning at nine o'clock on the bulletin board at the Gazette office.

a member, calls upon America to ship to the allies 17,500,000 tons of food-stuffs the coming year.

Around the State

Revert to Owners.
Racine—The 320 acres of land north of here taken for the government for a powder mill before the war closed, will revert to the owners, who must file claims with the court of claims for the damage they have sustained, says Martin J. Gillen, who has returned from Washington. The J. I. Case company will use the building in which the offices of the Dupon company were situated.

Commits Suicide.
Milwaukee—Joseph Frieberger shot himself in the head in the rear of 134 Thirty-sixth street, North Milwaukee, after he had quarreled with his former wife, who got a divorce two weeks ago. Frieberger, according to Chief of Police Edward Quick, called to see the children, Grace, 8, and Ray, 6, and a quarrel resulted as to whether he would pay alimony. Frieberger left the house after giving each of the children a \$2 bill. Entering the yard he drew a pistol and fired a shot into his left temple. The body is at the morgue.

Causes Conviction.
Milwaukee—A great deal of comment has been made on the conviction of Judge Backus in sentencing Helen Skibosh, 20, to prison, where her baby will be born. The woman was convicted of larceny. She goes to Waupun, where she will remain for three years. This is her third offense, according to the police. She held two jobs when she was only 17, day position in a shoe factory and as piano player in a palm garden at night. This gave her an income of \$26 a week. She kept this up for nearly a year working all day long in the factory, beginning at 7 o'clock and playing evenings from 8 o'clock to midnight. She doesn't look like a criminal. She is much concerned over the coming of her baby.

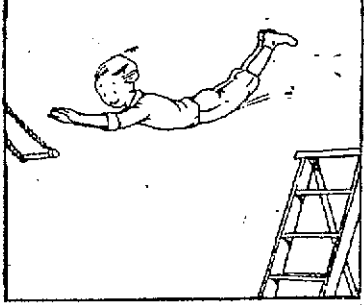
Three Babies Born.
Waupun—During the last twenty years only two or three babies have been born in prison, said an attendant. Hospital facilities are provided for obstetric cases and the infants are permitted to remain with the mother until weaned. Then if relatives of the mother do not give assurance of bringing up the child properly, it is sent to the state founding asylum at Sparta.

Old Resident Dies.
Neenah—George Pullerton, well known resident of this city, is dead at 82. He was born in Florida, where he went to spend the winter, following an attack of pneumonia. He was 60 years of age and unmarried.

Arrives from France.
Neenah—Suffering from a nervous breakdown following shell shock, George Burnside, Jr., of the engineer corps, has arrived at New York from active service at the front.

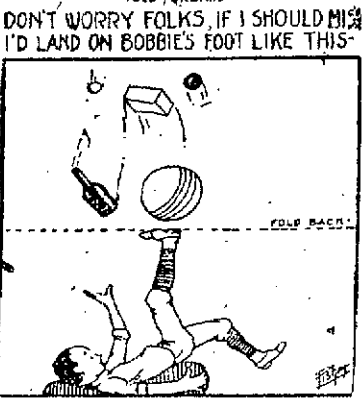
FUNNY FOLD-UPS

CUT OUT AND FOLD ON DOTTED LINES



I DO A DIVE INTO THE SWIMMING, BOB JUGGLES BALLS OR ANY THING.

DO NOT WORRY FOLKS IF I SHOULD MISS I'D LAND ON BOBBIE'S FOOT LIKE THIS.



The food program worked out by the Interallied Food Council, of which Food Administrator Hoover is

Just Folks

By EDGAR A. GUEST.

THE PEACE THEY DIED FOR.
They did not die for a selfish peace, nor fight for a coin of gold. They did not die for a stretch of land or things that are bought and sold.

And now that the cannonade is done and the chains of the tyrant break,
The vision they saw on the battlefield we must write in the peace we make.

They stood knee deep in the trenches, they died for freedom from brutal kings.

They died for the right of all men to live and share in life's joyous things.

They died for justice to great and low, for laughter and rest at night.

And these we must carefully guard today, the terms of the peace we write.

Oh, we can't go back to the selfish days ere ever the war began; Our men have died on the battlefield the rights of their fellow man.

And if some shall whisper of narrow terms of wrangle for sordid gain, New tyrants shall shatter the peace we make and the dead shall have died in vain.

We are sworn to freedom and pledged to truth; we have promised our dead to see

That the children of ages to come shall live in a world from tyrants free.

And the vision they saw through the cannon smoke, as they battled to death with might,

Of a happier world where justice reigns, must shine through the peace we write.

UTTERS' CORNERS
Utters Corners, Dec. 28.—Mrs. J. A. McCormick has been ill with influenza.

Mrs. George Roe and daughter, Adele, spent Christmas at the George Rogers home.

Mrs. Daniel Dixon and family of Lima Center and Roy Farnsworth and family spent Christmas at the home of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. W. Farnsworth.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Selmo and Roy Farnsworth attended the funeral of William Chamberlain at Milton last week.

Mrs. Eugene Paynter entertained the L. A. S. Thursday afternoon of last week.

Miss Beulah Hadley is home from the Whitewater Normal for the holiday vacation.

Miss Florence Smadden and pupils gave a Christmas entertainment at the school house Friday afternoon.

Mrs. Mary Teesthorn of Whitewater spent Wednesday of last week on the farm here.

Stop The "Flu"

A box of Smith's Cold Tablets in the house will be one of the best precautions you can take.

When you feel a cold coming on, are feverish, have headache, muscles and bones ache, take a few of these tablets according to printed directions on the box and you will fortify the system against the encroachments of the dread disease.

Price per box, 25c. Sold for years under our name and guarantee.

SMITH'S PHARMACY
The Rexall Store.
Kodaks and Kodak Supplies.

Winter Wearables

For Men and Boys

Get warm clothing here—Ours are all guaranteed for serviceability and satisfaction. Prices are as low as is consistent with good quality.

R.M. Bostwick & Son
Main Street at Number Sixteen South.
Merchants of Fine Clothes.

What does this mean to YOU?

They say "A man's only as old as he looks"—and the same thing is true of a SUIT OF CLOTHES or GOWN.

Why lay out good money for NEW, so long as what you HAVE can be made to serve?

We clean, dye, mend, and press. We take old suits and gowns and work miracles with them—send them back to their owners mended, in shape, freshened up, looking like new—and the cost is only a small percentage of what it would take to REPLACE them.

Does this mean anything to YOU? If so, telephone—our man will call.

C. F. BROCKHAUS & SON
JANESVILLE STEAM DYE WORKS
109 E. Milwaukee St.

AND HE DID.

I'LL POUR A LITTLE KEROSENE ON THE FIRE TO MAKE IT START QUICKER!



Free-Trade and Fair.
Chairman Hurley of the shipping board says that America is committed to fair trade in peace. Just now we are committed to free-trade, so it would appear that Mr. Hurley thinks the two terms synonymous. But fair to whom? Fair to those who like to sell in our markets, no doubt; but is free-trade fair to the American workman who wants to continue his higher wages, higher standards of living, and more comfortable conditions of labor? Is free-trade fair trade from the American viewpoint? Most certainly not.—Lawrenceburg (Tenn.) Union.

Signs of Journalistic Peace.
The New York Post, after gyrating violently for several days, has finally reached a state of mind which leads it to use the word "disgusting" when speaking of the president's appeal. The New York World, after a comatose condition for several days, has recovered enough to express weak disapproval of the president's appeal.

For bargains galore see Classified page.

Investments!

This is the only exclusively investment service in Janesville. This office has been established for sixteen years, and enjoys the patronage and good will of the investors generally of Rock County.

With our large capital and surplus, over a quarter century experience and our successful business methods we have created a steady demand for our securities. If they had not proved satisfactory we would not have been able to increase the demand to what it is today.

We give you safe and satisfactory investments and our investment service is second to none.

Your inquiries invited.

C. J. Smith
Janesville, Wisconsin
Representing

Gold-Stabeck Co.
Investment Bankers
Minneapolis, Minnesota.

REHBERG'S

Rehberg's Great Fire Sale

Continues unabated. Thousands of dollars' worth of merchandise still left for selection. Buy your winter needs now. Everything marked at reductions of thirty to sixty per cent in price.

Don't Forget the Bargain Basement.

REHBERG'S

ITALIANS SEND WILSON PHOTOGRAPHS TO SUPPORT THEIR PEACE CLAIMS

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]
New York, Dec. 29.—A portfolio of photographs—largely pictures of Italian architecture of ancient and medieval times—designed to support Italy's claim at the peace conference that Trieste, Istria and the central part of Dalmatia are still "culturally Italian," despite Austrian efforts to destroy their nationalism, has been forwarded to President, it was announced here today. These photographs will prove that Italy has a right to the disputed territories.

CHINESE PEACE DELEGATE GO THROUGH LA CROSSE

La Crosse, Wis., Dec. 28.—Foreign Minister Lou, Chinese peace delegate, accompanied by twenty of his countrymen, passed through La Crosse at 10:15 last night in a special train over the Milwaukee road. A delegation of American jackies guarded the train. The doors were locked and no one was allowed to enter the train during the ten minutes stop here.



You Have Been Intending Taking Out That Life Policy

Don't put it off another day. You owe it to yourself and your family. We know the policy we sell is absolutely the best. And you will know it too, if you let us show it to YOU.

Call or Phone

C. P. BEERS

Agent

Hayes Block

Both Phones



When you think of insurance think of C. P. Beers.

Wiping Rags. The Gazette wants 1000 pounds of clean wiping cloths, must be free from buttons and hooks; any color, 3 1/2c per pound.

SIDE LIGHTS on the CIRCUS BUSINESS

By D. W. WAIT
Former Manager Burr Robbins
and Later Treasurer of Adams
Forepaugh Circuses.

A few days ago Dennis Hayes of Milton Junction showed me a letter which he had just received from his brother, John Hayes, and wife of Hynes, Cal., announcing the arrival of a baby boy at their home. John Hayes left Rock County many years ago for the far West after spending his boyhood days on what was known in the early days as the "Halfway farm" between Milton Junction and Janesville. Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Hayes settled there in the early days and whether a stranger or an old friend came there, they would always receive a warm welcome at the Hayes homestead.

It was along in the middle '70's that the circus came through this country known as the Great Eastern Circus, and up to that time was one of the largest shows that had ever visited this spot of the country. This show was natural to the wonder of the county, especially to the young element, and it was shortly after their departure that all the young lads of the country organized a home talent friends which was given in a barn at the Hayes farm.

John Hayes, the writer of the letter, was the one big feature for he was the one elected to take the part of the clown. Where the wardrobe came from I do not know, but it is said to say that it was home grown and the best that could possibly be had at the time. Possibly the incident would never have been recalled by me if his brother, Dennis, had not shown me the letter. But up to the time that John Hayes left for the West many of his boyhood companions would always point to the circus as the best friends as the best circus clown that ever was in this country who had never put in a full season with the big circus.

As the Hayes family at that time was a large one and mostly boys, it was safe to say that half of the great athletes and performers in the show given in the barn on the Hayes farm was given by the Hayes boys. What the admission for the show was, of the receipts, I am unable to give you, but it is safe to say that up to that time, this was the largest and best home talent circus in Rock County. John Hayes left here some thing like forty years ago for the far West and I am glad to say that he has prospered in his new home.

The following letter was one of my valued Christmas presents for enclosed was a check for \$5.00 to buy a box of Christmas smokes. If you should happen to see smoke curling from our chimney don't turn in the five dollar bill but only be a smoke from one of Mike Hayes' clear Havana. Who would not appreciate such a Christmas present?

Mr. D. W. Wait, Janesville, Wis.
While in Omaha last week an old Janesville boy called my attention to your write-up of myself in the Gazette of Dec. 14th, for which I want to thank you very much.

I told Mrs. Tobin that it was little I thought when I was roughing in the circus life that I would see such nice

things said about me nearly forty years after.
Now, Dave, I think you smoke, as I remember you handed me a smoke when last we parted so am enclosing the wherewith to get a Christmas smoke on me. Every one has a choice and as I do not know what yours is am doing it this way: am also enclosing stamps for a few copies of the Gazette of Dec. 14th. I again thank you and wish you a Merry Christmas.

Sincerely Yours,
M. L. Tobin.
Al. G. Barnes, and Abbott Kinney, the founder and "Doge" of Venice, Cal., have gone into the ranching business on a large scale, and are showing business and men of affairs in a large way. They are using large methods of cultivation. On a large tract of land adjacent to Venice Cal., Barnes and Kinney may be seen daily taking turns with each other riding on a string of paws behind six of the Al. G. Barnes Circus elephants. The huge beasts seemingly take kindly to plowing and make no more of the load than a baby dragging a paste-board box.

The opening Wednesday evening of the Christmas Tree festival and Annual Circus at the Chicago College was an auspicious event and the big building was crowded, main floor and balconies being jammed to capacity. It is estimated that about 20,000 children and adults were on hand for the festivities. General Manager Thomas P. Convey was congratulated by all on the successful opening of the big annual Christmas festival. The front of the building was covered with thousands of scenic effects to great advantage, while the decorations in the interior of the building were wonderful from ground floor to ceiling. Stars twinkled in the sky and myriads of soft subdued lights made it one of the most beautiful sights ever seen. Every detail was carried out to minute perfection and every point harmonized throughout.

Two Santa Claus was on hand to welcome his little friends and pass out presents. Major Fred Bennett filled the role of the Jolly Old Elf. A prince of equestrian directors, presented his first circus, and every one was a knockout. It is probably the best one-ring circus ever gotten together with every one on the hill a feature. The show consists of Robinson's Herd of Military Elephants, Madam Bedini's Four Hired School Horses, etc. The clowns never played to a more appreciative audience and the children fairly screamed with joy at their funny antics. This is all free with the price of admission, and if this show doesn't pack the oil-seats nightly it will be a strange thing.

The concessions all did a rushing business. Most Wescott's Ferris Wheel, Allato's Whip, Little's Merry-Go-Round, Valere Bros. Crazy House and Honeycomb Trail Goats, and Soda fountains and other make up an excellent midway.

It is a great show, put on by real showmen, and judging from the opening night will be a big success from every standpoint.

APOLLO

Matinee Daily 2:30
Evenings 7:30 and 9

SPECIAL MONDAY AND TUESDAY MILDRED HARRIS

Now

MRS. CHARLIE CHAPLIN

—IN—

BORROWED CLOTHES

She'd found she couldn't sell herself to him, and then a trick of fate disgraced her forever—forced her back into his arms in place of the sister who had run away while the minister waited. Did she marry him to save her name—or did she risk all by waiting for the one she really loved? See beautiful Mildred Harris in "BORROWED CLOTHES," the most wonderful love story of the whole year.

Prices—Matinee and evening: Children, 11c; adults, 22c.

Extraordinary Offering Wednesday

NEW YEAR'S DAY

The Redpath Lyceum Bureau Presents

"THE ALLIES"

Four Girls representing Allied Nations that fought for democracy. Offering a patriotic program and paying tribute to the women and their work in wartime.

Prices—Matinee: Children, 11c; adults, 22c.

Evenings: Main floor and first 2 rows balcony, 30c; balance balcony, 15c.

News Notes from Movieland

BY DAISY DEAN

Norma Talmadge has severed her connections with the Select picture according to information given recently and in the future she will star under the direction of the First National Exhibitors' Circuit. Miss Talmadge has already signed a contract and is preparing to start work immediately.

The success of Norma Talmadge has been unusual. Starting as an extra, she worked up to stardom in a comparatively short time. She now ranks among the first picture actors of today. I myself enjoy her pictures whatever they may be. In fact, I am a real Norma Talmadge fan and with the rest of her admirers I was much disturbed when Eugene O'Brien decided to leave her company and join Paramount for the two made an ideal team.

Just what arrangements are to be made under the new regime have not been announced but it is certain that she will be given the best there is in the matter of a supporting company, director and scenery staff. Under the terms of the contract Miss Talmadge will work for the First National for two years, making no more than sixteen pictures.

Joseph Schenk, who knows Norma is Mrs. Joe Schenk, is responsible for the new arrangement. He has supervised most of her business transactions in the past season.

The three pictures which have already been completed for Select will be offered in the immediate future, following the regular schedule of releases, and from then on, Miss Talmadge will devote her attention to new films for the First National.

I have watched Miss Talmadge's work for some time and it seems to me that she is improving with each new picture. Her acting is so perfect that it really seems incredible to think that this young star had absolutely no stage training before entering pictures. She is back in the early Vitaphone days.

MRS. CHAPLIN MAY QUIT SCREEN

Mildred Harris, who is Mrs. Charlie Chaplin in private life, may quit the screen for good. It is said that the comedian, Miss Harris, suffered a nervous breakdown. It was because of their wish that the announcement be made in the most delicate manner possible. As Charlie is well supplied with wealth, it seems probable that Miss Harris will leave the screen and hold her own in her own career.

Dr. R. L. Brown of Janesville was called to the Bingham farm Saturday afternoon.

W. C. Garrison visited his son, Joseph, at Southport last week. He is ill with pneumonia.

Whitewater News

Whitewater, Dec. 28.—Alphonse B. Esh, for over 50 years a resident of this city, died at his home December 19, after an illness of several years, resulting from the hardening of the arteries. The deceased was born Feb. 13, 1837, at Detroit, Mich., and came to Heart Prairie, with his parents two years later, where he lived till marriage. When about twenty years of age he came to this city, where he was employed as a cooper. He was just being buried in the Catholic cemetery at Canton, O., and served through the war. He again returned to Whitewater, and worked as a cooper. He was a member of the George Estery Harvill works and soon after purchased the land upon which he built his home. Mr. Estery was a strong republican and served years on the board of education as city treasurer. The funeral services were held Sunday afternoon under the auspices of the Malsonic lodge and burial in Hillside cemetery. He leaves a wife, formerly Miss Edna, one son, Harold, and two daughters, several sisters and a brother to mourn his loss.

Miss Pearl Johnson of Milwaukee is spending a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Julius Johnson. Mr. Johnson came yesterday for a short visit with his mother. He is in the lumber business in Oregon and was on a business trip to Nebraska.

The Misses Lucy and Nellie Klavens spent Wednesday at the home of their sister, Mrs. Herman Stanke at Bader-ton.

Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Door and family are here from Elkhart, Ind., for a few days. Mrs. Door is at the home of Geo. Door, just south of this city, where on Christmas day a daughter was born, making the tenth.

COLORED WAR MAPS 25c.

See what you read about every day. Colored War Maps, 23x36 inches, showing the complete war zone, indexed cities, towns and rivers, at Gazette office, 25c each.



Norma Talmadge.

MADGE GOES WEST
Madge Kennedy, who for the last two months has been with her husband, Capt. Harold Bolster, in Washington, has returned to New York and is packing her various trunks preparatory to her departure to the west coast, where she will film of Goldwyn.

Miss Kennedy has her first script with her, and she will start her work under the direction of Clarence Badger.

JULIAN MUST BE LADYLIKE

Women protested when it was announced that Julian Eltinge would wear only masculine attire in his next picture, "The Fascinating Widower."

In every man came a contradiction. So the author obligingly altered the story so he could wear women's clothes in part of the play.

ABOUT EILEEN

Eileen Percy, who used to play opposite Douglas Fairbanks, has the leading part in Bert Lytell's new play. The name of the picture is "Hitting the High Spots" and Bert wrote the story himself.

AMUSEMENTS

Notices furnished by the Theaters.

APOLLO

The Allies
On New Year's day a special program will be presented at the Apollo Theatre by the Redpath Lyceum Bureau, entitled "The Allies" which is by four girls, in the nature of a tribute to the women who have served in all their varied activities during war time, done in song, story and action. Readings and vocal music in pleasing combination are also included in the program. The costumes are varied, attractive and appropriate.

SHARON

Sharon, Dec. 26.—Harry Sanders of Capron spent Christmas with his sister, Mrs. Charles Wolcott.

The services at both churches were called off Christmas eve on account of the severe storm. The M. E. Sunday school will hold services Friday evening and the Lutheran Sunday school Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Fay Heard and son, Willis are ill with influenza.

Mrs. George Willey of Darjeen visited over Christmas with her son, Fred, and wife.

Tom Cookerill was taken to Mercy hospital, Janesville, Thursday, where he will submit to an operation for appendicitis. His many friends hope for a speedy recovery.

Miss Helen Andrews of Rockford spent Christmas at her home here.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Englehart went to Palmyra Tuesday to visit the latter's parents.

Mrs. Clarence Lippett is at Delavan lake, caring for her son, Newton, and family, who are ill.

W. Densmore was a Christmas shopper in Janesville last Saturday.

J. I. Morgan received word, the first of the week of the death of his youngest brother, Ernest, of pneumonia, at his home in Seattle, Wash.

Miss Bessie Roth of Rockford spent Christmas with her mother, Mrs. Tina Roth.

The Gazette is for sale in Sharon by Lyle Burton. Deliveries will be made to your home if desired.

RAGS RAGS RAGS

Bring in your clean wiping rags and get 4c per pound for them at Gazette Office.

MYERS THEATRE

2-DAYS-2

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28.

Matinee, 2:30.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 29.

Evenings, 8:15.

PLAYTHINGS
A PLAY THAT WILL LIVE TO THE END OF TIME
The Most VITAL SENSATIONAL DRAMA EVER WRITTEN
WHY SHOULD A MAN LIVE TWO LIVES WHEN A WOMAN FALLS BY ONE?
PRICES—Matinee: Adults, 55c; Children, 28c. Evenings: 83c, 55c, 28c.
Seats on sale now.

RAZOOK'S CANDIES

Candies, like books, should be chosen with discretion. Both are capable of infinite harm. The selection of Razook's Candies is a perfect choice and a safe-guard against candy evils. For a nifty specialties—The best—at all times.

RAZOOK'S

ON MAIN STREET

MAJESTIC

PERFECT VENTILATION—WARMTH—COMFORT

TODAY

WILLIAM DUNCAN

—IN—

"A FIGHT FOR MILLIONS"

—ALSO—

"THE MASKED DANCERS"

—AND—

"THE WONDERFUL STATUE"

SUNDAY

ALICE JOYCE

—IN—

"EVERYBODY'S GIRL"

A story which proves that some folks are not as bad as they seem.

Resume of Moving Picture Programs Of Last Week

(By Mrs. Abbie Helms.)
Slides, wishing the patrons a "Merry Christmas," were shown at the picture houses this week and gave a festive air to the holiday attractions. Little gaily lighted Christmas at the Beverly also impressed the guests with the holiday spirit.

Special effort had been made by the managers to secure good attractions for Christmas day, and they had succeeded in putting on programs which were entertaining without being vulgar, and which were excellent from a moral point of view.

The Myers had one of the best of the war plays, "The Unbeliever" which emphasized the change which came over so many of the soldiers when they came face to face with the great verities of life and death. The barriers of caste were eliminated, when the pal of the young hero, laid down his life for his friends, and amid the horrors of the battle field he found the consolations of religion.

A pretty Belgian girl whom he rescued from danger in her home town, left human interest to the picture.

At the Apollo, the weekly news letter showed one of its scenes, "The surrender of the German fleet." Some of the submarine and the big battle ships were shown when they came forward in line, past the flag ship of Admiral Beatty. This picture was rushed to America on a specially fast boat, developed immediately and put on at the picture houses in the same way as a news item would come out in an extra.

The play for the day was a unique affair with a flavor of the orient in its picturesque scenery and headings. It was called "The Japanese Nightingale," and had to do with the trials of a little Japanese girl, personated by Fannie Ward, who was the alternative of being betrothed to a repulsive old man, or pledged to life service in a temple. She was rescued from both fates by a brave American lad, who happened to see her singing in a tea garden. Most of the casts were real Japanese people, and the whole thing was like a bit of reality from Japan.

The Majestic had a composite program for Christmas with a clever comedy, "A Shooting Party," an episode from their serial story, "The Brass Bullet," and a western play, "The Sheriff and his posse, and a brave westerner, who was saved from death by the heroine, Mignon Anderson. She was handy with a gun and could do some stunts in riding a horse lasso.

The scenery was that of the western plains and the cattle ranches and little western towns were portrayed with bald accuracy. The serial has to do with an heiress with a lot of money which a villainous relative is trying to get possession of. A scout in a flying machine, and secret passages under the home have a lot to do with the plot.

The play at the Beverly was called, "Wives and Other Wives," and con-

APOLLO

Matinee daily 2:30. Evening 7:30 and 9:00.

TONIGHT

AND SUNDAY

Feature Vaudeville

Leland Reed Sisters

Singing, Dancing and Talking.

Holland & Catherine

—IN—

"I Beg Your Pardon"

Classy Dancers.

Nina Davis

Comedienne.

Matinees, 11c.

Evenings, 11c and 22c.

EXTRA: In addition to above program, News feature film depicting the RAILROAD WRECK at Waukesha last fall in which several Janesville people were injured, will be shown.

BEVERLY

Matinee daily 2:30. Evening 7:30 and 9:00.

TONIGHT

BARBARA CASTLETON

—AND—

JOHNNY HINES

—IN—

"Just Sylvia"

—ALSO—

ANIMATED WEEKLY

SUNDAY AND MONDAY

HALE HAMILTON

—IN—

"\$5,000 an Hour"

A big Wallingford drama by George Handolph Chester.

—ALSO—

THE FAR FLUNG BATTLE LINE

Number Eleven

"BRITISH TROOPS IN ITALY"

TUESDAY & WEDNESDAY

D. W. GRIFFITH

Presents

"The Great Love"

are now in the city, and are constant patrons of the theatres, and their relatives and friends accompany them.

Germany Started the War ---What Caused the War?

"The Nature of Social Evolution"

is the topic of Rev. Melrose's Science Lecture

Sunday, 7:30 P. M.

At The Federated Church

The Thirteenth Commandment

By RUPERT HUGHES

Lella ran to Mrs. Kip and Daphne, exclaiming: "Aren't they beautiful? Aren't they wonderful? Aren't they glorious?" Mrs. Kip and Daphne tried to keep the pace, but once more they could not forget what it was that was raining down gold on this greedy stranger. Their alarm was not diminished when Bayard said to Lella: "You're not the only one who can open accounts. I started one for those."

He took from his pocket a pale brochure and said to Lella: "That allowance we agreed on, you know?" "Yes, I know."

"Well, instead of paying it to you week by week I decided to open a bank account for you; so I ran over to this bank at the lunch hour and made a deposit to your credit—five hundred dollars."

Lella forgot her jewelry for a moment in this new pride. She strutted about with mock hauteur, waving Mrs. Kip and Daphne aside and saying: "Don't speak to me. I am a lady with a bank account."

Mrs. Kip sighed in dreary earnest, "That's more than I ever was."

Lella was poring over her bank book, the blank pages in which so many dramas, tragedies and life histories could be codified in bald numerals.

Her first question was ominous: "Do I have to go all the way down to Broad street every time I want to draw out some money?"

Her first thought was already to attack the integrity of her store.

"No, dearest," said Bayard, "there is an uptown branch, right around the corner. But I hope your visits there will be more for a picnic than take-out. Every time I give you anything I want you to put some of it aside. Maybe some day I'll want to borrow some of it for a while. Maybe you can save me from a crash some day. Anyway, it will be a great help to me to feel that I have a little bit of money at home. A man has to plunge a good deal in business. It's his wife that usually makes him or breaks him."

Bayard spoke with unusual solemnity: "Old Ben Franklin said, 'A shilling earned and sixpence spent, a fortune. Sixpence earned and a shilling spent, bankruptcy'—or something like that. But Moses got about of him. When he handed down the Ten Com-

PETEY DINK—TO MRS. DINK A WRIST WATCH IS AN EXHIBIT, NOT A TIMEPIECE.



mandments he whispered an extra one to be the private secret of the chosen people.

"What was it?" said Lella with a minimum of interest.

"Thou shalt not spend all thou earnest," said Bayard. "It was—well, it was the Thirteenth Commandment. I guess—a mighty unlucky one to break. The Jews have kept it pretty well. They've been the bankers of the world ever while they were persecuted."

Lella shrugged her handsome shoulders and studied the gems.

"Let's not talk about it tonight. Let's dine somewhere and go to the theater. I want to show off my new splendor."

"Fine!" said Bayard, trying to cast away his forebodings and lift himself by his own boot straps. "Get on your dais mother, you and Daphne."

"I can't go," said Daphne. "I've got to be at the fun-factory at half past seven and I've hardly time to eat anything."

While Lella and Bayard and Mrs. Kip were putting on their festive robes Daphne was eating alone a hasty meal brought up tardily from the restaurant.

Before they were dressed she had to march out in what she called her working clothes. The hallman ran to call her a taxi cab, but she shook her head. Her humble twenty-five dollars a week would not justify a chariot to and from the shop.

She walked rapidly along Fifty-ninth street, but not rapidly enough to escape one or two murmurous glances.

She found Batterson quarreling with a property man over the responsibility for a broken vase. He ignored her till at length she ventured to stammer:

"If I am, Mr. Batterson."

"So I see. Well, sit down somewhere."

Finding a seat was no easy task. Every piece of furniture she selected



She Found Batterson Quarreling With a Property Man Over the Responsibility for a Broken Vase.

became at once the object of the scene shifter's attack and she had to take flight.

Members of the company strolled in, nuzzled at the mailbox and went to their various cells.

Eventually Batterson found that all the company was on hand and in good health. He said to Daphne, "Everybody is here and nobody sick, so you needn't stay after the curtain goes up."

But she wanted to learn her trade, so she loitered about, feeling like an unwanted poor relation. The members of the company came from their lairs, looking odd and unreal in their paint. They seemed to be surprised that Daphne was still in existence. Eldon gave her a curious smile of greeting.

She heard the call boy crying "Overture" about the corridors. She heard the orchestra playing "the king's piece." Then it struck up a march that sounded remote and irrelevant. There was a loud swish which she supposed to be the curtain going up. An actor and an actress in white flannels with tennis rackets under their arms linked hands and skipped into the well of light. They banded repartee for a time.

Eldon, speaking earnestly to Mrs. Vining, suddenly began to laugh softly. He laughed louder and louder and then plunged into the light.

A little later Eldon came off the stage laughing. He dropped his laughter as he crossed the border and resumed his anecdote. "As I was saying—"

"But Mrs. Vining interrupted: 'There comes my cue. How are they tonight?'"

"Rather cold," said Eldon; "It's so hot."

"The swine!" said Mrs. Vining. Then she shook out her skirts, straightened up and swept through the door like a dowager swan.

One of the box lights began to sputter, and Batterson dashed round from the other wing to curse the man in charge. He ran into Daphne, glared, and spoke harshly: "You needn't wait any longer."

Daphne swallowed her pride and slunk out.

CHAPTER XI.

She woke early next morning. It was just six o'clock. She remembered that her father would be arriving in two hours. She decided that it would be a pleasant duty to surprise the poor, old, neglected codger by meeting him.

At the Grand Central station Daphne found that she was nearly an hour too early for the train. It amused her to take her breakfast at the lunch counter, to clamber on the high stool and eat the dishes of haste—a cup of coffee and a ham sandwich. It was pleasant to wander about alone in this atmosphere of speed, the suburban trains, like feed pipes, spouting streams of workers, the out-bound trains drawing their passengers to far-off destinies as if by suction.

At length it was time for the train. Daphne went to the rope barrier opposite the door of entry and waited in ambush for her father.

At length she made out a rather shabby man carrying his own baggage. It was her father. He looked older and seedier than she remembered. He did not expect to be met. He was looking idly at the new station. He had not been to New York since it had been thrown open.

She ran to him. He dropped his old suitcase on the toes of the man following him and embraced Daphne with fervor. He devoured her with his eyes and kissed her again and told her that she was prettier than ever. All about them there were little groups embracing and kissing. There was a wonderful business in remonies.

When her father said, "I haven't had my breakfast; have you?" she lied affectionately, "No."

"Let's have some breakfast together."

"Fine," said Daphne. "We'll go to the Biltmore."

"Kind of expensive, isn't it?" he asked anxiously.

"It's my treat," she said.

This amused him enormously. "So you're going to treat, eh?"

"Yep," she said.

"Where did you get all the money?"

"I'm a working lady now."

He laughed again and shook his head over her.

"What did you mean by saying you were a working lady?" said Wesley when they were seated at the table and breakfast was ordered. "Your mother wrote me something about having a little disagreement with you. She seemed to be right worried, so I thought I'd better run on to see if I couldn't sort of smooth things over. I'm glad you came to meet me. We can talk without interruption for once. Tell me all about it."

She told him the whole story of her decision to join the great social revolution that is freeing women from the slavery of enslaving the men. Her peroration was her new watchword: "I don't want to take any more money from you."

"Why, honey," he protested, "I love to give it to you. I only wish I had ten times as much. I couldn't dream of letting you work. You're too pretty. What's that young Wimburn cub mean by letting you work?"

"Oh, he's bitterly opposed to it, so I gave him his ring."

"Well, I never!" he gasped. "And

all this trip of your mother's and yours and all the expenses gone for nothing!" was his first doleful thought. He remembered the second mortgage he had placed on one of his properties to get the money for the vitally important wedding festival. And now there was to be no wedding. The son-in-law who was to have assumed the burden of Daphne's bills was banished. Daphne was again her father's own child.

He was glad to have her back, but he could have wished that she had not gone away, since he paid the freight in both directions. And now here was himself in New York and nothing to show for all the split milk of time, money and emotions.

At the critical moment Daphne mentioned that the star whose understudy she was would earn fifty thousand dollars that year in spite of the hard times. "Fifty thousand dollars!" had a musical sound to Wesley's ears. If Daphne could earn a tenth of that he would believe in miracles.

"Where were you planning to live, honey, while you're acting? With Bayard, I suppose."

"Oh, no," said Daphne; "we've ruined his honeymoon enough already."

"Who with, then?"

"Oh, by myself, I suppose."

"Good Lord! you couldn't do that very well—a young girl like you."

"Why not?" she said.

He turned pale. This was like being asked why babies were found under cabbage leaves. He was an old-fashioned father, and he had never been able to rise to the new school of discussing vitally important topics with the children vitally interested.

"Why, why," he stammered, "why, because nobody does it, honey. Nice girls don't live alone."

Daphne studied him with a tender amusement. He was so innocent in his way, in spite of all he must know. She understood what he was thinking of. She was sophisticated in the manner of the nice girl of her time and she liked to treat submerged themes with clean candor. She thought that prudery was a form of slavery.

"If you've just got to stay in New York and just got to work your mother could stay with you, I suppose."

"But what becomes of you and your home?"

"Oh, I'll get along somehow. I don't matter."

This broke her heart. She cried out: "But you do matter, daddy; you matter terribly. Can't you understand, daddy, that I'm trying to relieve you and make myself useful instead of a parasite? Thousands of women live alone—professional women, art students; music students, college girls, normal-school women, besides the women in shops and factories. It's coming more and more."

"But you're not brought up to a trade."

"I wish I had been."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Dinner Stories

They had been dining in state in the dining car. Husband, who is a little English, was a little bit of a little daughter had behaved so perfectly. Mother also was in a happy frame of mind. There were numerous other diners in the car and the heavens were proud of their child. Not a single thing had happened to mar the serenity of the occasion.

Finally the meal was over and they started to leave the car. Their way took them past all of the other tables. Suddenly the little girl felt impelled to ask a question:

"Mother," she called in a shrill voice, "Aren't we going to wash the dishes?"

Ex-Ambassador Walter Hines Page used to be a ditor, and like all editors he refused a great many stories. A lady once wrote to him:

"Sir: You sent back last week a story of mine. I know you did not read this story. For, as a test, I had pasted together pages 18, 19 and 20, and the story came back with these pages still pasted, and so I know you are a fraud, and turn down stories without reading same."

Mr. Page wrote back:

"Madame: At breakfast, when I find an egg is bad, I don't have to eat the whole of it in order to make sure."

A western soldier had been in the army more than a year. His greatest desire had been to go over but the government evidently needed his service more on this side. Following is an extract from his letter of October:

"After the war folks will say: 'What were you doing during the war?' and I'll have to tell 'em I fought in the grand battle of the Spanish Flu with the Ninth division somewhere in Alabama."

DELAVAN

Delavan, Dec. 27.—Mrs. Elmer Southwick died suddenly at her home on Wisconsin street of apoplexy. Mrs. Southwick was born in 1872 in Delavan. She is survived by her husband and eight children, Elma, Mrs. Lena Kittleson, Laura, Earl, James, Herman and Harry and also her mother, Mrs. W. Chesboro and a brother, Dr. Fred Chesboro of Beloit. The funeral was held from the home Wednesday afternoon at two o'clock and was private. Rev. L. Resor officiating. The bereaved family have the sympathy of the whole community in their great loss.

James Mooney from Beloit, was home to spend over Christmas with the home folks.

James Murphy from Chicago, spent Christmas with his mother, Mrs. Mary Murphy, in Delavan.

Merrill Parker from Chicago, is visiting at the parental home for a few days.

Robert and Marion Steele, who have been attending a school in Milwaukee, are visiting for a couple of days with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Steele.

Lawrence Brabazon of Beloit, visited friends and relatives in town Christmas.

Miss Viola Wood from Joliet, Ill., is visiting for a few days with her mother, Mrs. R. Wood and sister, Bessie.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Woodbury visited in Beloit on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Chesboro of Beloit, attended the funeral of his father, Mrs. Elmer Southwick, Wednesday.

John Sweeney, who is employed at Waupun, is visiting his family in this city for a couple of days.

Earl Cummings, is attending school in Chicago, is spending the holiday vacation at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Cummings.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Beamsley from Milwaukee, spent Christmas day with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Beamsley.

Miss Mary Keegan from St. Mary's hospital, Milwaukee, spent Wednesday at her home in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. John Gabriel and daughter, Aileen, spent Wednesday with relatives in Beloit.

Miss Marie Grey is spending the week at her home in Milwaukee.

Ensign Phoenix Williams from Boston, Massachusetts, is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. Williams for a couple of days.

Miss Etta Delaney from Rockford, Ill., spent Wednesday at her home here.

Miss Helen Goodrich and Mrs. H. Gevoort are visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Goodrich, over the holidays.

Miss Mrs. Harry Dunbar of Elkhorn, spent Wednesday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. Parks.

Miss Ida Swidler from Milwaukee, is visiting at the parental home for a few days.

Miss Eva Riggs of Burlington, is visiting her cousin, Arlene McClain, for a few days.

RICHMOND

Richmond, Dec. 26.—Mr. and Mrs. James Cummings and daughter Frances of Beloit, and Mr. Cummings of Loyola University, Chicago, and Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Ward at their Christmas dinner at the Cavanaugh home.

Mr. and Mrs. John Morton and family attended the 60th wedding anniversary of their uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. David Carter at Johnstown Center Christmas.

The bride was gowned in grey messaline and georgette crepe, with silver trimmings and carried an arm bouquet of pink Killarney roses. The house decorations were holly, mistletoe and carnations. Esther Goodger, Gladys Morton and Lillian Harris of this place and Thelma Alderman, Marie Hughes, Mamie Behling, Willis Manning of Janesville and Luella Smiley of Orfordville, acted as ribbon bearers and formed an aisle of ribbons through which the bridal party passed. From the library to the parlor. There were about 60 guests in attendance, the following places being represented: Madison, Milwaukee, Whitewater, Janesville, Orfordville, Milton and La Prairie.

An elaborate three course dinner was served after the ceremony. The bride is the oldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Morton and has always lived in Johansston. She is a graduate of the Janesville High School and is a lady of pleasing appearance. The groom has lived in Richmond from childhood and has hosts of friends. He is a graduate of the University of Wisconsin. They have gone home keeping on his farm in a new home of modern improvements and take with them good wishes from numerous friends.

Magnolia, Dec. 27.—This community was shocked Xmas eve when the news spread that Mrs. Warren Andrew had passed away at the Northwestern depot at Janesville. Mrs. Andrew was a woman of sterling qualities, a good Christian and a faithful wife and mother. Funeral services will be conducted today by her pastor from the A. C. church. Interment at Evansville cemetery.

A second death on Christmas eve came when Frank Engen passed away.

at his home here. He had been suffering for several weeks. He leaves his wife and one daughter, besides other relatives and a host of friends to mourn his demise. Funeral services are to be held from the Footville Catholic church at 9:30 this morning. Interment at Janesville.

Christmas night the sad news reached us that Mrs. Steve Wells had passed away at the home of her son, Bert Coyne, of Janesville. Mrs. Wells had not been well for several weeks but did not consider her condition serious and was in Janesville to shop and visit her son and receive medical aid, but was not able to return home, as she suddenly grew worse. Mr. Wells left Thursday morning to make arrangements for the funeral, which was held in Janesville at 9:30 this morning. Interment in Evansville.

The William Letts family are all sick with the influenza except Miss Bernice of Camp Grant, who is home for a vacation, and is being kept in practice nursing the sick ones at home.

Frank Shaw of Buffalo, N. Y., who is a student of Aurora college, Aurora, Ill., is spending the holiday vacation with his friend, Rev. W. G. Bird, and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Andrew entertained the children and grandchildren at Xmas dinner.

Mr. and Mrs. Cliff Cortrite spent Xmas with relatives.

Impossible! Unless we are to do away with the Constitution altogether, congress or the senate could no more give a blank certificate of approval, in advance, to any and every act or word of the president than it could vote to make him absolute dictator and czar of all America.—New York Tribune.

"Break Up" the Fever

Do you know that a fever, no matter how "high" can be broken up and sweating produced by CHIROPRACTIC SPINAL ADJUSTMENTS? Do you know that respirations, rapid and shallow and pulse full and strong and fast become normal under CHIROPRACTIC SPINAL ADJUSTMENTS? These results have been accomplished in thousands of cases. It is therefore your duty to investigate CHIROPRACTIC. Take time by the forelock and ask your Chiropractor for a Spinal Analysis NOW. It will pay you. Consultation and Spinal Analysis Free.

Damrow & Angstrom, D. C.'s. CHIROPRACTORS. 209 Jackman Block.

ECZEMA CAN BE CURED

Free Proof To You

All I want is your name and address so I can send you a free trial treatment—just that—all—just try it. That's my only argument.

I've been in the Retail Drug Business for 30 years. I am a member of the Indiana State Board of Pharmacy and President of the Retail Druggists Association in Fort Wayne. I know men and know about my successful treatment. Over eight thousand seven hundred men, women and children outside of Fort Wayne have, according to their own statements, been cured by this treatment since I first made this offer public.

If you have Eczema, Itch, Salt Rheum, Tetter—never mind how bad—my treatment has cured the worst cases I ever saw—give me a chance to prove my claim. Send your name and address and get the trial treatment I want to send you FREE. The wonders accomplished in your own case will be proof.

CUT AND MAIL TODAY J. C. HUTZELL, Druggist, 3282 West Main St., Fort Wayne Ind.

Please send without cost or obligation to me your Free Proof Treatment.

Name _____ Age _____

Post Office _____ State _____

Street and No. _____

ITCHING ECZEMA CAUSED AGONY

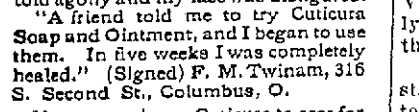
Burning So Intense Scratched, Face Disfigured, In Five Weeks Completely

HEALED BY CUTICURA SOAP AND OINTMENT

"I was troubled with eczema which started in a mild pimply form. It grew worse until my body, head and face were a mass of sore eruptions. The itching and burning was so intense that I irritated it by scratching, until my clothing aggravated the untold agony and my face was disfigured."

"A friend told me to try Cuticura Soap and Ointment, and I began to use them. In five weeks I was completely healed." (Signed) F. M. Twinam, 316 S. Second St., Columbus, O.

You may rely on Cuticura to care for your skin, scalp, hair and hands. Nothing better to clear the skin of pimples and blotches, the scalp of dandruff and the hands of chapping. Besides the soap has no superior for all toilet uses. Sample each free by Mail. Address postcard, "Cuticura," Dept. R, Boston. Sold everywhere. Soap 25c. Ointment 50c and 30c.



WILL NOT BLISTER

MUSTEROLE

MOTHERS, DO THIS—

When the Children Cough, Rub Musterole on Throats and Chests

No telling how soon the symptoms would develop into croup, or worse. And then when you're glad you have a jar of Musterole at hand to give prompt, sure relief. It does not blister.

As first aid and a certain remedy, Musterole is excellent. Thousands of mothers know it. You should keep a jar in the house, ready for instant use. It is the remedy for adults, too. Relieves sore throat, bronchitis, tonsillitis, croup, stiff neck, asthma, neuralgia, headache, congestion, pleurisy, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and aches of back or joints, sprains, sore muscles, chilblains, frosted feet and colds of the chest (it often prevents pneumonia).

30c and 60c jars; hospital size \$2.50.



MUSTEROLE

The Gazette's Annual Review Edition Will Be Published About The Middle of January

Orders are coming in to this office daily for extra copies. Have you placed your order yet?

The edition will be complete, a review of the eventful happenings of 1918 in condensed form, a chronology of events, a paper to save for reference regarding the stirring times of this present year. Pictorially it will cover a wide field of interest.

Advertisers know this Annual Review edition as a good medium in which to take space. Orders for advertising are now being filled.

JANESVILLE, AN ALL-ROUND TRADING SPOT

In this hustling day, a man's too busy to stand for LOST MOTION --he wants what he wants when he wants it--and when he drops work to go to town for a thing NEEDED IN A RUSH, he likes to be reasonably sure of FINDING IT--and of being able to BRING IT HOME with him.

More and more families are learning to LEAN UPON Janesville in emergencies--they're coming from fifty miles outside--because Janesville business places DO NOT FAIL THEM.

They are getting into the habit of coming here, because Janesville is ACCESSIBLE, has exceedingly good STORES, good MILLS, good SHOPS, good FACTORIES, has representative PROFESSIONAL MEN, in MEDICINE, LAW, DENTISTRY, DRUGS, and other essential branches--is qualified geographically and otherwise, to ROUND OUT THE PROGRAM of SERVICE, no matter what the DEMANDS may be.

"If you can buy it ANYWHERE, you can buy it HERE in Janesville!"

Janesville is up with the TIMES--in range and freshness of STOCKS, and at the same time Janesville hasn't grown so BIG as to have lost PERSONAL INTEREST in the people who come here.

They know you when you come in--are glad to see you--give you the best they've got in the shop--and send you away feeling that you're coming back again.

The prevailing atmosphere in Janesville's business places is FRIENDLY. SIMPLICITY, FRANKNESS, SINCERITY--and the SQUARE DEAL, are forthcoming every place you go.

Nothing COLD, or ARTIFICIAL about Janesville. Rarely do you find in big, fast growing towns, the same wholesome, old-fashioned fellow-feeling and neighborhood spirit that is so noticeable in Janesville.

Janesville is a LIKABLE TOWN--and an ALL-ROUND TRADING SPOT!

Trade in Janesville.